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LET. on lease, the SYDNEY and MELBOURNE FAMILY HOTEL, opposite the A.S. N. Company, now in full trade. To persons capable of conducting an hotel this is an excellent opportunity. Apply to **J. RAPHAEL**.

YATSON'S BAY.—To **LET**, a general RESIDENCE, water frontage. Mr. **CATTLE**, solicitor, Elizabeth-street.

We suppose we are not alone in making the confession that, of the living masters of English poetry, Robert Browning gives to us the greatest measure of delight. We are not careful to count him the chief place among his brethren, but we know not how to admit the right of any other to a higher. Before that discussion, however, could arise, or be settled, it would be necessary to define the chief properties demanded in the poet. In painfully anxious yearning after artistic and lyrical melody, Browning is certainly transcended by his only possible rival, Tennyson. We do not meet the wonderfully happy artfulness of expression which seems not like a making but a happening; but this is the only feature in which he is transcended, and we are quite aware that many would prefer, in many instances we should ourselves greatly prefer, the more unwrought, the sometimes weird, and frequently awakening flash of mystical expression which wins more from the heart than the highest combination of mere music regarded as the arrangement of notes and tones. But it is in the converse with distant persons and scenes, and the making the ages and their histories, events and persons, vehicles for living instruction—it is it is in the exploring the profoundest recesses of human spirit—the loitering and marvelling over, and seeking the solution of the most tough and knotty problems of human nature—it is in the making all this the due on which a strange and most unusual imagination plays off its powers—it is in a pathos infinitely too deep for any but eclectic hearts, for reverers, doubters, and seers, to have much sympathy with—it is in a reverence and reserve of verse which leaves you wondering, broken presently by a gush of sweep, and wing of verse which leaves you panting—it is by allusions and eruditions which marks the scholar but instruct the learner, set in words which make a carcanet of precious jewels over the pages that this author's superabundant power is made known. He has no sort of popularity in the general sense of that word; he is a poet for scholars and students, and only for those who have in them the faculty or the appreciation of the faculty of poetry, not patent to common eyes. Of course, we express no disrespect to such poets as Tennyson and Longfellow when we say that popular as they are, Mr. Browning neither is nor ever can be. We cannot conceive the subject of his thought and feeling rendered into a verse which could meet the ears of multitudes of not very superior people charmed by their admirable and piercing expression; and yet, what music there is in Mr. Browning's verse! No music like it, only that it seeds a certain education in life; a certain ex-perience and culture and not merely to appreciate it but even to apprehend it. It is not like since it has devoted some space to the notice of the method and character of our author; since then, his works have been reprinted in a comprehensive edition including, among the extraordinary and, some readers think, unnecessary poem *Sordello*. It is certainly a succession of great studies fetched from history and from life—a very fine, if as surely a very strange, picture of the ways and means of a human soul in the accomplishment of its purposes. The heading of the pages in the new edition of *Sordello* is very helpful and characteristic. The following passage illustrates how the last of each series of workers sums up in himself all predecessors. Thus we see the work of

[illegible]

The volume before us will then, by those to whom Mr. Browning is what we have expressed him as being to ourselves, be received with all the old feelings of expectation and delight which are like "The Men and Women" with which we are familiar. Many of the poems might form another series of "The Men and Women;" and, as illustrating that power of combining music and thought to which we have referred, we must quote the following. The meditations of Abt Vogler after he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention—whether Abt Vogler were able to play all that Mr. Browning has said we may only surmise, probably to every Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and nature and spirit became symmetrical sometimes, and the great palace of music—the true ideal the expression of the artist, the poet, the creator, rising to the what shall be over the what is, seeing a divine purpose as much in the incomplete instrument as in the fulfilled work.

1.
WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I
build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each share of the sound, at a touch, as when
Solomon would
Armies of angels that croud, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly—allem of evil and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable
Name,
And yield him a palace straight, to pleasure the prince
he loved!

2.
Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of
mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned
to raise!
Ah, such help, how they helped, would dispart now and
now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to
hell,
Borrow swains and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into light, having borne up my palace
well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the mother springs.

3.
And another would mount and march, like the molient
miser he was,
Ay, another, and yet another, one cowered but with many
a crowd
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Beguot to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For he would still and higher (so a cruener tip with fire,
When a great lightning surges) stand sight-
Outflaring round and round Rome's dome from space to
space!

4.
Up, the glaucous glory reached, and the pride of my
coil was in sight.

5.
In sight! Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match
man's birth,
Nature in turn converted, obeying an impulse as I;
And the sunless heaven yearning down, made effort to
meet,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale
the sky:
Now redoubts burst forth, grow familiar and dwell with
mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wondrous
star;
Meteor, comet, balls of blains: and they did not pale nor
pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near
nor far.

6.
May more, for there wanted not who walked in the glare
and glow,
Forthright plain in the place; or, fresh from the Pro-
topetias,
Purchased for ages to come, when a kindlier mind should
Lure me now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at
last;
Or else wonderful Dead who have passed through the
body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world
worth their new:
What need had there was now; what was, as it shall be
anon;

made perfect too.

6.

All through life they gave their souls to a wish of
my soul,
All that with my soul that gladdened as its wish lived
visibly forth.
All through music and me! For think, had I palated
the whole,
Why were it had stood to see, nor the process so wonder-
worth,
Had I written the same, made verse—still, effort proceeds
the same,
To know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the 'tis
is told;
It is all triumphant art, but set in obstacles—
Fainter and poet are proud in the artist—

7.

But here to the finger of God, a flash of the will that com-
mands,
Mistaken behind all lovers, that made them and, to they
are!
And I know not it, save in this, such gift be allowed to
be!
That out of three souls be drawn, not a fourth, such,
but a star.
Consider—each, each one of our souls in itself is sought;
It is everywhere in the world—land, sea, and all is
said:
Give it to me to use: I mix it with two in my thought;
And then you have heard and can: consider and
how the hand!

8.

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
And now I stand at sunset start, the palace that came
too slow;
For one is secured at first, one course can say that he
found,
The other even gave it a thought, the gone thing was
to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
I have seen, my better perchance: is this your comfort to
me?
To me, who must be moved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what
have, shall be.

9.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable
Name!
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with
hands,
What have I heard of change from Thee who art ever
the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power
Thou shalt never be one lost good! What was, shall live
as before;
The life is null, is naught, is silence (implying sound);
What was good, shall be good, with, for ever, so much good
more;
On the earth the broken are; in the heaven a perfect
round.

10.

All we have killed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall
live;
Not be semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,
power
Where virtue has gone forth, but each survives for the
middle
When sternly affirmed the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
high;
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough and by;
Enough and by.

11.

And what to our future here but a triumph's evidence
And the fulness of the days? Have we withered or
aged?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might
be heard?
Why rushed the discord in, but that harmony should
be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
The rest may reason and say, his, his, the rest and
know,
But God has a few: if as when He whetters in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians
know.

12.

Well, it is with with me; silence renews and reigns:
I will be patient and wait, and submit myself
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again.
Singing by sentiment, till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And then to a note, and I stand on silent ground.
Surrender while the light's rolled from the day to deep;
Which, hark, I have said and will, for my resting place
The O Major of this life; as, now I do try to sleep.

Mr. Browning's readers will, of course, expect from him out-of-the-way topics and strange treatments. The volume has several riches of this kind—perhaps the most remarkable is "A Death in the Desert." It reminds us of the strange medical experiences of Karishah, an Arab physician in the "Man and Woman"; but as a poem it is of a still higher and more instructive

live order. In the "Death in the Desert," Mr. Browning sets himself to reply, with happy point and with a pathos which leads to the very core, to the flippancies of Strauss and Hénan—for, indeed, the form dying in the desert, a brother, rather a disciple, kneeling at each side, chafing the hands, bedded on a camel's skin in the inmost grotto to which the moon's light could only penetrate a little—the form that would not move from the death-fainting by the wetting of the lips with wine or the moistened plainian leaf laid to cool the forehead just above the eyes, but when the boy sprang to his knees—

stung by the splendor of a sudden thought, and fetched from those innermost recesses the plate on which was graven, "I am the resurrection and the life," and pressed the finger of the dying man upon those graven lines, stirred and began to speak, was the apostle John; and here with his five attendant converts, Mr. Browning sets the most ancient of the apostles a-talking—revived, life flickering up and flaming for a moment or two from its remotest depths, the apostle reviews his past—anticipates and meets the manifold cavillings of the future—discourses of the deep introvisionary wisdom which lettered the apostles and was inspired to express the Gospel, and behold the apocalypse, discourses of the nature of man and of truth.

"Nay, do not give me wine, for I am strong,
But place my gospel where I put my hands."

And so the awful, patriarchal apostle talks on
in words we might conceive to come from such
lips, while about to close. There are, in this
poem, lines and teaching most noble. No
other living poet could have approached this
great feat of creation. The following, for instance,
is an illustration of its striking, mystical
manner. It is the creed attributed to John by
the supposed narrator.

[This is the doctrine he went to teach,
How divers persons witness in each man,
Three souls which make up one soul: first, to wit,
The soul of each soul and the bodily part;
Seated therein, which is called the Great One,
And has the use of speech, and ends the man
Divinely: but, tending upwards for advice,
Grows to a second, which is the Great One Known:
By the next soul, which, seated in the brain,
Unites the first with its collected use,
And is the soul which the Great One Knows:
Which, fully tending upward in its turn,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the last soul, which is the Great One,
Subsisting whether they exist or no,
And, concluding man's soul's, is what is—
And leaves upon the soul, makes it play,
As that played off the first, and tending up,
Holds, is upheld by, God, and ends the man,
No need in that Great point of indifference,
Nor need a place, for the Great One knows:
What Does, what Knows, what Is; three souls, one man.

There is more than poetry in this poem, however, there is the point of an argument which may lift the reader over some difficulties; and then the close—

But he went dead: 'twas about noon, the day
Somehow desolating: we five buried him
That were, and those, and these, and those ways,
And I, disguised, returned to Ephesus.
By this, the cave's mouth must be filled with sand.
I know not, I know not of his trace;
The Baccant was best at wild, chitinous games,
And could not write nor speak, but only roared.
So, lost the memory of this gothic
Seeing that I in-memoriam him, I mean,
I tell the same to Phœbus, whom believe!
For many look again to find that face,
Beloved John to whom I ministered.
Some are in life about to die, they are:
Either mistaking what was darkly spoken
At ending of his book, as he relates,
Or misremembering somewhat of this speech
Scattered from mouth to mouth, as I suppose.
Believe ye will not see him any more

Another poem, somewhat similar in order and intention, is Caliban upon Setebos, in which we have Caliban delivering a discourse upon natural theology. We have long been taught to interpret Caliban as the sensual soul of the world. The sensual soul will, of course, frame a theology in harmony with itself and its character, and a pretty theology it is likely to be; and we have the god of mischief and of spite—the cold, indifferent, distant and careless God—and the nature and necessity God, and the merely gross and sensual God—and Caliban discourses upon that which he is able to see, and describes that which he is able to believe—a most edifying chapter to innumerable gentlemen of our acquaintance, Darwinians, believers in force and matter, and other such divine and philosophic sages. We cannot indicate all the passages in the volume, although they are not many in number; the most simply sacred and yet not less profound is "Rabbi Ben Ezra," a fine setting to English verse of the spirit of all Hebrew psalmody and literature—a soliloquy of the Rabbi in his arc.

Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The best of times, for those the first was made :
Grow old along with me, that better days may come,
Wealth, health, and wisdom, all weathers
Youth shows but little ; trust God : all else, nor be afraid ! "

Rejoice for we are called
To That which both provide
And not perish, effort and not rescue !
— speak disaster on ;
Near as we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Nor wince that tells us we stand best by go !
Be our joys three-parts pain !
— drive, and hold open the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never dread the throw !

For theme,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life's reward that seems to fail :
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comfort me,
A braise I might have been, but would not sink 't the scale.

Not once but "Praise be Thine!
 I see the whole design,
 I, who no *ear* *Forever*, now *Love* perfect too:
 Perfect I call thy plan:
 Thanks that I was a man:
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what thou shalt do!"

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass.
 Things done, teach the eye and had the price;
 Or 'which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarsest thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So raised in making up the main account;
 All hysteresis immature,
 All purpose untried,
 That was not as his work, yet served the man's
 account:

Through hardly to be pecked
 Into a narrow oak,
 Fences that break through language and comped;
 All I could never be,
 All we agreed in
 This, I was to God, whose will none the other shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 I at metaphors; and feel
 Thy time ages pass, thy passive line our clay,—
 To whom thou'rt bound, and to whose power we pray.
 When the time we make thee round,
 "Since his fate, all is change; the Fast guns, noise to-
 day!"
 Poet! All that is, at all
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand ever;
 We cannot but be changed, but thou art never.
 That was, is, and shall be
 Time's wheel runs back or steps; Potter and clay endure.
 He had thee said this once
 Of plastic circumstances,
 The Present, then, tho' remote, would still avail;
 Machinery just made
 To be used, and not to fail;
 Thy Power and aim are both, antiquity improved.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around the bowl no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Scull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Lack not thou down but up!
To ease of a cup,
The foetal board, kemp's flesh and trumpot's peel,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a glow!
Then, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life,
With shapes and colours rife,
Round dimly,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst;
So, take and use Thy work!
Amid what fane may lurk,
What struts of the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
I need not, now as then, death smite the same!

We have quoted at length, but only in the hope that every one able to read these verses will turn not only to this volume but to all the works of Robert Browning—most far seeing—most deeply feeling—most erudite and reverent of living poets.

MY NEWSPAPER.

BY CHARLES LUCKER, IN "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

This happiest moment of my life is to me, so far as I can judge, about ten a.m. I have had my breakfast, and my wife has gone down to see to the domestic arrangements for the day; if it be summer, I stroll to the corner of my garden; if it be winter, I shut myself into my little snugery; but, summer or winter, I find laid ready for me a box of matches, my old meerschaum bowl ready filled, and—my newspaper. Then follows an hour composed of three thousand six hundred of the happiest moments of my life. I light my pipe, and take up my paper, duly damped and cut, without which enjoyment is to me impossible. I have seen the sun on the outside of a canvas bag attempt to fold up the newspaper; the wind, reading to the bottom of column, and the wind, becoming wrapped, swathed, smothered in paper, crackling, hiss. Call that reading the newspaper! I like to read a bit, and puff my pipe a bit, and ponder a bit; and my ponderings are not about the machinations of the Emperor Napoleon, not about the probable result of the American war, not about the Conference, not about the state of the money market, but about the much-talked of march of intellect, that progress of progress, that extension of civilisation, which have shown their product in my news-

In the interests of my newspaper, men who have taken high collegiate honours have last night wasted the midnight oil, and before me lies the result of their deep thought, masterly scholarship, and special study of the subject entrusted to them; not one single word was dropped by the great orators in last night's debate, finishing at two a.m., which I do not find recorded for my perusal; while the vapourings of the dreamy members have such pit as was in them extracted into a few lines. For my gratification, and that of a hundred other readers, a gentleman as thoroughly competent for his task as I am for mine, in his opinion of the merits of the new tenor who last night made his first appearance at our Opera; while glancing a little lower down, one may experience quite a glow of satisfaction in reading the noble names of the superb ones who were present at the Princess's reception. In the next column I can see exactly how stands the latest betting on the coming races, and I also find it chronicled—in a manner which I confess I never could comprehend—how yesterday's races were run, how *Cour de Lion* had it all his own way to Nobb's Point, closely followed by *Richmond Boy*, *Thruppy*, *Avoca*, and *Tatterdemalion*; how out, and how in, *Richmond Boy*, *Avoca*, ran out, and collared the favourites; and how just before the finish *Smith* called upon the mare, and *Avoca* answering, was hailed the winner by a head. How on earth do they know all this? I believe these racing reports are exact descriptions of the struggle, but how do the reporters manage to see all this in a lightning flight for a mile and a half, or how do they manage to distinguish the colours of the horses? Sometimes I have fancied there are some things in a newspaper which I could do myself, but assuredly this is not one of them. I find, too, my journal contains some very general, good gentlemen attached to it, for in the last column I read an account of a yacht match at *Erith*, with critical remarks about the manner in which the *Flirt* was sailed by her noble owner, and a vivid description of a cricket match at *Lord's* between the eleven of *Rutland* and *Yorkshire*, with a laudatory notice of *Mr. Dale's* "five-er" with a leg-swipe. In a corner of this column I also find quotations from the cotton market at *Manchester*, from the corn markets at *Leeds*, *Liverpool*, *Scotland*, *Ipswich*, from *Messrs.*

unpleasantness was, that a certain negro was in colored wool suit and from the latest prices of hay at Smithfield and Whitechapel, where I had "the market is dull, with fair supplies." There also is spread out for me shipping intelligence informing me that vessels have arrived at, or passed by way of, our own ports, that vessels have been spoken with in far distant latitudes; there I get a meteorological report of the actual and probable state of the weather all over the United Kingdom; and in the immediate vicinity I find an elaborate report of the state of the mining market, whence I glean that Wheel Mary Anne advanced twenty shillings, and that Cotopaxi were rather flatter.

Hundreds of others are in the employment of my journal. In its interest a famous writer has taken the pilgrim's staff, and wandered through America aerolated by her civil war; has passed through Mexico, and lingered among the islands of the Spanish Main, duly transmitting vivid descriptions of his adventures, and of the result of his observations. In the same interest, at all the principal continents—cities, notably at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petersburg, and Madrid, my journal has its agents. Quiet gentlemanly men, now, gay bachelors, lore going into the last society of the Continent and Jockey Club's men, steady middle-aged men, regular attendants on the Bazaar Hall, now quaffing horchata, and puffing cigarettes on the Puerta del Sol, now colloquing with P. and O. captains at Alexandria, or chaffing "griffs" at Stuez; but always having ears and eyes wide open, be it for a political 'shave, a dancer's triumph, or a rise in the markets; and always transmitting that intelligence instant by letters or telegram to my journal. In the same interest two gentlemen are attached, one to the head-quarters of the Danish, another to the German army; solemnly precise men are gliding about the Exchange, writing in their memorandum-books the latest quotations from Capel-cort, the latest "done" at Gurney's, the latest whisper from the Bank parlor; one member of the staff is slyly away in one of the compartments of a Royal train, while another is pursuing his inquiries among the starving poor of Bethnal-

green; one reporter has just buttoned up his note-book containing the charge of the judge to the jury trying a murderer, while another is taking down the chairman's "speech of the evening" at a charity dinner; the fire "which was still blazing fiercely when we went to press," the murder up Islington way, which was committed last evening, the new farce "on which the curtain did not fall till past midnight"; all are recorded in the "evening news"; also gives utterance to the cries of innumerable indignant amateur correspondents. Although I always wondered in a vague kind of way at the manner in which my journal was produced, when I knew nothing about it, I think my astonishment has even been greater since I saw the working of the vast engine of social progress. Arriving at about ten o'clock in the evening I found an intelligent guide awaiting me, and by his fine first conducted into the library — not necessarily a portion of a newspaper establishment, but best interesting — the depository of the volumes, from their earliest history of the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*, once conspicuous in journalism, now defunct. I took down a volume of the *Chronicle* half-past, and opening it at the date February 4, 1792, read a protest of the Irish Parliament on a vote of congratulation to the King on the marriage of the Duke of York with the Princess of Prussia. The Irish gentlemen were "dissentient" because they could not consistently with principle or honour join in thanking a man to whom it is in the highest degree criminal to deliver a "savage" entered on the government of Ireland a victory under whose administration measures inimical to the public welfare had been supported with success, and every measure beneficial to the kingdom uniformly opposed and defeated." The victory to whom this special compliment was paid was Lord Westmoreland. Poor Ireland! well up in the grievance market, even in those distant days! In the same number I found the advertisement of a "Proposal for a complete history of England, by David Hume, Esq." a notice of a gallery, pictures, "in several rooms," by Barry, Pusey, and T. Lawrence, and an announcement of the performance of Richard the Third. "The Queen, Mrs. Siddons, being the first time of her performing that character."

I proceeded to a suite of rooms occupied by the sub-editor and principal reporters. In the outermost of these rooms is arranged the electric telegraph apparatus, three round dials with finger-stops sticking out from them like concertina keys, and a needle pointing to alphabetic letters on the surface of the dial. One of these dials corresponds with the House of Commons, another with Mr. Reuter's telegraph office, the third with the private residence of the conductor of my journal, who is thus made acquainted with any important news which may transpire before he arrives at, or after he leaves, the office. The electric telegraph, an enormous boon to all newspaper men, is especially beneficial to the sub-editor; by its aid he can place before the expectant leader writer the summary of the great speech in a debate, or the momentous telegraph which is to furnish the theme for triumphant jubilee or virtuous indignation: by its aid he can "make up" the paper that is so exactly how much composed matter will have to be left "standing over," for the tinkling of the bell announces a message from the head of the reporting staff to the Editor, to wit, "House up—half a col. to come." Sometimes, very rarely, wires get crossed, or otherwise out of gear, and strange messages relating to misdelivered firkins of butter, or marital excuses for not coming home to dinner, arrive at the office of my journal. The sub-editor has a story box, after having twice given the signal to a West-end office which Mr. Reuter then had, he received a pathetic remonstrance from some evidently recently awakened maiden, "Please not to ring again till I slip on my gown!" On the sub-editor's table lie the weapons of his office—a gigantic pair of scissors, with which he is rapidly extracting the pith from the pile of "flimsy" copy supplied by the aid of the manifold writer and tissue paper, by those inferior reporters known as penny-a-liners—and a pot of gum, with which he fits the disjointed bits together; here also are proofs innumerable in long slips, red, blue, and yellow envelopes, with the name of my journal printed on them in large letters, envelopes which have contained the lucubrations of the foreign and provincial correspondents; an inkstand large enough to bathe in; a red chalk pencil like the bowsprit of a ship; and two or three villainous-looking pens. At another table, a gentleman, gorgeous in white frock-coat and waistcoat, writing an account of a fancy fair at which he has been present; printers, messengers, boys, keep rushing in, asking questions and delivering messages, but they disturb neither of the occupants of the room. The fancy fair gentleman never raises his eyes from his paper, while, amid all the cross-questioning to which he is subjected, the sub-editor's scissors still snip calmly on.

Next, to the composing-room, where I find about seventy men at work "setting" small scraps of copy before them. The restless scissors of the head of the room divide the liner's description of horrible events, at a position of breathless interest, and distribute the glorious peroration of a speech among three or four compositors, who bring up their various contribution of type to the long "galley" in which the article is put together. These men work on an average from four p.m. till two a.m. or half-past two (in addition to these there are the regular "day hands," or men employed in the daytime, who work from nine till five); they are mostly from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, though there is one old man among them who is approaching threescore-and-ten, and who is reported almost as good as any of his juniors; they earn from three to four guineas a week each. The room is large, and, though innumerable gas-lights are burning, the ventilation is very good.

I glanced at some of the writing at which the men were working, and as I thought of the fair round text in which my ledgers and day-books were always entered up, and then looked at the thin, jiggling hieroglyphics which, in close lines, and adorned with frequent erasures and corrections, lay before the eyes of those poor compositors, I shuddered at the contrast. On inquiring, however, I found that the compositor made very light of calligraphy, and that it was seldom indeed that a man had to refer to his neighbour to help him in deciphering a word.

From the composing-room I and a certain amount of type duly set and locked up in a "forme," proceeded to the foundry—a workshop covered with scraps of metal filigree, and with a furnace in the middle of it. Unlike their fellow-workmen of the village of Auburn, as described by Goldsmith, the smiths in the foundry of my journal by no means relaxed their ponderous strengths and leaner's to hear, but were obviously far too hard at work to do anything of the kind. So soon as the type-containing formes arrive, they are hammered all over with a mallet, to reduce them to an average level and consistency, then they are oiled, and

An exact imprint is taken of them on what is called a 'matrix,'—a preparation of French chalk on stiff paper. This matrix is then dried over a furnace on hot metal plates; a mixture of lead and antimony in a liquid boiling state is poured on it, taking the exact form of the indented letters, filling up every crack and crevice, and becoming, in many repeated forms, the actual substance from which the journal is printed, and which, to that end, is sent to the machine-room, whither it followed it.

The machine-room of my journal is a vast white-washed hall, with three enormous flagging, plunging, whirling metal demons in the midst of it, attended by priests and drivers, half of whom are employed in administering to their idols' appetites by feeding them with virgin paper, while the other half wrenches from them the offering after it has passed through the ordeal. In plainer language, the demons are three of Hoe's most powerful printing machines, containing together twenty-six cylinders, and in attendance upon them are eighty men and boys, half of whom feed the machines with fresh paper, while the others receive the sheets after they have passed under the cylinders.* The cylinders in these machines make one million four hundred and five thousand revolutions in the course of one night, and, for a single day's circulation, travel at the rate of nearly nine hundred and eighty-five miles. When the machines are in full swing, my journal is produced at the rate of eight hundred and eighty copies per minute. The length of paper used in one day in my journal will make a path one yard wide, and nearly one hundred and sixteen miles long; one day's circulation, placed edge to edge, would closely cover a piece of land of nearly forty-three acres; and one week's circulation, placed one on the top of the other, would make a column three hundred and nineteen feet high. The weight of paper used in one day's circulation of my journal is seven tons thirteen hundredweight two quarters and twenty pounds; there are also three hundred and ninety-six pounds of ink consumed in one night's printing; and the length of tape used upon the machine is nearly one mile over four miles. In the midst of all this whirling, dashing confusion, accidents very seldom occur; the ringing of a bell, the movement of a valve, and the rotation of the engine cease instantaneously. To a stranger, the vast room, with its glare of gas, its smell of oil and steam, and its whirling engines, is a kind of orderly Pandemonium. There are galleries where he can survey all that passes; but a few minutes must elapse before his eyes become accustomed to the tearing of the engine, and his ears to the clanging discord; though those employed seem thoroughly habituated, and pursue their avocations as though they were in the quiet composing-room itself. Indeed, the head engineer, who acted as my guide in this department, took such interest in his work, that he did not seldom take a holiday or absent himself from his post. He evidently regarded those who did not ordinarily spend their evenings in the company of his machines as inferior beings.

So the demons go clanging through the night until they are supposed to have had as much as is good for them, and their fires are waked out, their steam is let off, and machinists and feeding boys go home to bed, while the compositors and the sub-editor have long since preceded them. Then the advanced guard of the day establishment, in the persons of the publisher and his staff, appear upon the scene. The street outside is lined with light spring tugs, whose peculiarly heavy hoys which always seem to come into newsvendors' hands; crowds of men and boys fight up the passage to the publishing-office, while inside there is a hullabaloo compared to which the howling at an Irish wake is silence, and the parrot-house at the Zoological Gardens a quiet retreat. Right has very little chance against might in such a medley as this, and the weakest usually goes to the wall; but eventually the big wooden tables are cleared, the last load has been carried to the van, the staff boy has rushed off with his arms full of lamp literature, and the starters by the Parliamentary for Liverpool at 7 have my journal on their knees, while merchant princes resident at Brighton, and coming thence by the "daily bread" express at a quarter to ten, find it on their breakfast table at half past ten.

Taking, such things into consideration, it is wonderful that I regard my newspaper as a marvel, and that I from time to time lay it down to ponder over the capital, talent, and energy involved in its production?

* There is (says the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*) a slight inaccuracy here. The eighty men and boys on attendance on the three "whirling demons" employed in printing "My Newspaper" are engaged in feeding these machines—one of the distinguishing features of the "Hoe" being that it throws off the sheets, and places them in perfect order, after they

HOW I GOT INTO THE U. S. ARMY, AND
HOW I CREEPT OUT OF IT.

THE Glasgow Herald says:—We have received the following interesting narrative of personal adventures amongst the Fur-trade of the Confederation, from a man of the name of Bar, a native of this city, who has lately returned to town, and once more taken up his abode amongst us. Mr. Bar, we may mention, has shown us official documents authenticating some of the more important events referred to. The writer says:—

It is about four years since I left Glasgow in the steamship United Kingdom, for America. Arrived at Montreal, I made my way up the Lakes, and must say that I was very much struck at finding so many large towns on the lakes, with their ports presenting a busy scene, of loading and discharging grain &c. I was hoping to induce me to commence sailing on the Lakes in American vessels, and the longer I lived there the more attached I became to the country, and the manners and customs of the people.

In the summer of 1863 I was anxious to become master of a vessel, but before I was accorded that privilege I had to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, which I refused to do, not reflecting on the results when my Father Abraham called for "three hundred thousand more." In the beginning of July I arrived at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on a voyage from Buffalo, and had scarcely dropped anchor when I was very civilly made aware that I was drafted, and that a guard was waiting me ashore to give me the honour of an escort to the camp where my sailor hair would be shorn. I was exchanged for the blue liberty of Uncle Sam. I was discharged, having paid the 300 dollars for a substitute; but, after a little reflection I determined to take my chance, and, if the truth must be told, I had a pretty sentiment I should not wear the uniform for long. It was a long way to the army at the Potomac, and I made sure that I would give my new friends the alip baka that I had got across that far-named river. I was disappointed, however, for a squad of State troops having accepted the

bounty were sent along with the new recruits, and there was really no opportunity for the most vigilant skeddaddler making his escape. A guard of two was placed over every three recruits; and thus accompanied, we landed at Wrike's Island, a few miles down the river from New York. Guards were posted at every twenty yards along the island; but even with this extraordinary precaution I found not a few made their escape to another island, not a few made their escape to another island, not a few made their escape to another island. I could scarcely credit the distance which could be done, as a strong tide was running either one way or other; and besides the risk of being drowned, there was the greater risk of being shot by sentries. One night, however, about eleven o'clock, I saw two recruits, who had bribed a guard by giving him twenty dollars each, make their escape most effectually; and as I had been a concealed witness of the transaction I thought that now was my opportunity. Stepping up boldly to the guard, I informed him of what I had seen, and he told me that he would require to let me go away also, and accept a benefit of twenty-five dollars for his trouble. He hesitated and wanted to deny that he had a knowledge of the affair; but I told him that I knew all about it, that the two who had escaped were friends of my own, belonging to the same tent as myself; and that if I was not allowed to go he would hear more about it. This softened him considerably, and he told me at last that I could go if I would. I then went back to the tent, and made preparations for a long swim. I took off all my clothes, packed them up in a small space as possible, and tied them to my back, and let the tide should carry me out to sea, or I should look out in the morning waves. I had been previously prepared to make the purpose of a life-preserver. All my little affairs having been satisfactorily arranged, I sailed forth, naked as I was born, and quietly crept along the ground to where the sentry was stationed, whispering as I arrived that I was quite ready. He whispered back in reply that he would give me twenty-five dollars to go back to my tent, and tell nobody, for the love of God, about anything I had seen that night; adding, at the same time, that the sentries on the post contiguous to his had their suspicions aroused, and were keeping a strict look-out at his proceedings. There was nothing for it but to go back again to the tent and wait for some more favourable opportunity.

About five thousand recruits had by this time been collected on the island, and on the day after my abortive attempt at escape a very large body of these—of whom I was one—were embarked on board a steamship bound for Alexandria, on the Potomac. Before the steamship departed from New York river fifty of the recruits deserted by jumping overboard and making for land. Of these I may state that one-third were drowned, one-third shot, and the rest escaped under the most exciting circumstances imaginable; for the guards spared neither powder nor shot, but peppered at them as long as they were within range, the bullets falling round them in the water like hail. We all thought they were ball proof. At last the steamship got underway, and there were no more attempts at escape till we reached the Potomac, and though some of the recruits had exchanged their blue clothes for the dress of firemen and sailors the exchange did not serve them, for they were speedily detected. We all got ashore at Alexandria, and were detailed off to the army of General Meade, encamped at this time about three miles from Culpepper. We were sent by the cars to the latter place, and then marched till we found General Meade, and got mustered into the ranks. I found a place in the 147th N.Y. let Company, Captain Kinloch. The army was under marching orders, so, along with my comrades, I was served with seven days' rations, sixty round of ball cartridge, and otherwise made ready to fight the battles of a cause for which I did not care a single skin-shin-patch. At this time, I had almost given up all hopes of being able to effect my escape, as there seemed no chance for a deserter at all. I learned that the whole line of the country—all along the banks of the Potomac to Harper's Ferry and all places west of that, as far as the Ohio River—had their strong picket stations, while scouting parties of cavalry were constantly flying about, ready to pounce upon the unlucky skeddaddler. I did what many others like myself were obliged to do—made a virtue of necessity, and contented myself for three months, mastering drill, and getting myself transformed into a complete soldier. At the expiry of this period General Meade made his famous retreat from the Rapidan, by forced marches, scarcely ever halting us till we were drawn up in a worse position than the old Bull Run battle-field, a distance of nearly fifty miles. I followed skirmishing in our rear, but declined to accept battle, and ultimately, as will be remembered, retreated to near his old quarters. Meade, it is supposed, thought the Confederates were about to make a circuit and enter Pennsylvania for predatory purposes, so we followed after till we came to Thoroughfare Gap. At this place we camped all night, and after starting early in the morning, our company had occasion to pass a very dense and dark bush, when the idea flashed upon my mind that there was a chance of my escape. I had been so long, and so anxiously waiting for it. Unobserved by my companions I crept into the bush and hid until the whole army passed, though it may be believed that I did not find myself very well at ease as I lay doubled up, for I did not know when I might be ferreted out, and, probably enough, shot for desertion.

After emerging from my cover, I stood conjecturing for some time as to the course I should next follow, and ultimately resolved, under all the circumstances, to strike out for the Ohio River, as a direction less likely than any other to be infested with pickets and scouting parties. I travelled in a north-westerly direction towards the Blue Ridge Mountains, and had not gone very far when I fell in with three other deserters, belonging to the same regiment, who were even in a worse plight than myself, for they did not know where to go. I told them I was bound for the nearest point of the Ohio, 350 miles away and asked if they would join me. They seemed thankful for my hint, in their somewhat helpless condition, and gladly agreed to cast in their lot with mine. So the four of us travelled on all that day in the midst of a heavy rain, until far on in the evening we arrived, quite beat up, at a sort of a road, where a shelter under a large tree was to be seen. We entered, and made a great many ineffectual attempts to kindle a fire at which to dry our saturated clothes, but were at last obliged to take them off, wring the water out of them, and then dress again. As soon as it was daylight we renewed our journey, and had advanced about a mile, when we came to a

village where our appearance seemed to cause no small consternation to the inhabitants. "The Yankees are coming," cried the women. "The Yankees are coming," cried the women. When we were passing the last house an old Scotchman ran out and asked us where we were from, where we left General Meade's army, and where we were going to. We gave him the desired information, and he officiously offered to change our greenbacks for Confederate scrip; but we described ourselves as being in the greatest poverty, for we had often heard of such things as bushwhacking and robbery among the rebels. We travelled on, passed the Goose Creek River, and were close upon Paris through the Blue Ridge, when we discovered a party of six horsemen galloping towards us. I cried a halt, and we all loaded shot, and stood ready for an encounter. We tried to ascertain whether they were Federal or Confederate uniforms. We halted them at our own range of 800 yards, and, advancing within hail, the following colloquy took place between their leader and myself:—

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"We belong to Major Mosby's band of independent scouts (alias guerillas), and we want you to lay down your arms in two twos."

"Why?"

"Cause no durned Yankee's allowed to pass through the country, and if you resist, why, then here goes."

We thought it best to submit, and it was well we did so, for a whole company of Major Mosby's Jambos were close at hand. We described our position to the guerillas, and they told us our best course was to travel to Staunton, apply to the Provost-Marshal there for a parole of honour, and when we got that—as we were sure to get it—we might travel back to the North as prisoners of war, and not be molested. They kindly put us on the turnpike road leading from Winchester to Staunton, and left us with much goodwill to pursue our long journey, for we were still a hundred miles from the latter place. We met with few adventures worth noting on this part of our journey, but found the Southern people in the towns and villages through which we passed, such as Winchester, New Town, Woodstock, &c., hospitable and very eager for Yankee greenbacks, offering us five dollars Confederate paper for my one in Northern scrip. We supplied ourselves with as many as we thought would answer our purpose, and upon the whole got on very well amongst them. When we arrived at Staunton, I immediately went to the office of the Provost-Marshal, and told him that I was a deserter from the army of the Potomac, and that I had come to inquire if he would grant me a parole of honour, so that I might make my way back to Glasgow, my native place. He replied that he could only give me a parole to stay within the limits of the country; but if I liked he would send me down to Richmond by the first train in the morning, and perhaps the Provost-Marshal there would grant my request. I preferred the latter course, and next morning at six o'clock was sent off—much to my surprise, under guard—to the Confederate capital. It was eight o'clock at night when the train arrived, and I was in full expectation that I would be shown into some hotel where I would get all the day's provision in one dish, for I had tasted nothing since the morning. I was taken instead to the office of the Provost-Marshal, and as soon as I had got into the awful presence of that functionary, he said:—

"Are you a deserter, or a prisoner of war?"

I hesitated in my answer, wondering which confession would bring me off best. At last I said:—

"I am partly a deserter and partly a prisoner."

He then bawled out in a tone that made me start, "None of your d—d Yankee tricks here, or I will hang you up by the two thumbs and buck you, and gag you until you speak the truth." I then said, "I am no Yankee at all. I am a Scotchman drafted into the Yankee army; and not wishing to fight against the South I deserted upon principle, and am at present reaping the fruits of what I have done."

I then handed the receipt I got from Mosby's captain, certifying that he had pardoned me, and after a little more parley, he turned to the corporal in waiting and said:—

"Take this fellow down to Castle Thunder."

I had heard and read a great deal about this wretched prison, and the result of all my efforts to escape was that I was on my way to it. It may be imagined that my thoughts were not the most agreeable while I paced through Richmond streets in charge of the corporal. Hitherto I had been fairly treated by the Confederates, and, having always had a real sympathy for their cause, I had begun to like them; but I am free to confess that the high-handed conduct of the Provost-Marshal incensed a revolution in my opinions. We arrived at Castle Thunder, and I took for good a look at the place as it could, for by this time it was quite dark. It was, formerly, I believe, a tobacco manufactory, and of three stories, all built of brick with the exception of the front, which is faced with granite. A high brick wall surrounds the whole buildings, which are of large extent. I was taken before the captain of the castle, and after having my name and description entered in his books, and all the valuables in my possession taken from me, he told the keeper to show me "into No. 7, that respectable room."

Fortunately, I had a considerable sum in my pocket, which was not disturbed. I followed the keeper until we came to a door made in the same style as a garden gate, which he opened and told me to walk in. I obeyed, but did not walk far till I fell over the body of some poor unfortunate who had fallen asleep on the softest plank he could find, and, tumbling and creeping over a great many others in the same recumbent and somnolent condition, I at last got to that side of the house on which the windows ought to have been, for what served as windows were simply holes filled with iron stanchions instead of glass. I sat down passing my time—for I could not sleep—with thoughts so disagreeable that I would not inflict them on the reader. When daylight broke I found that I was in a prison six feet by forty, crowded by some 200 prisoners of all characters and conditions, and representing, I should think, a great many of blackguardism were practised by the prisoners on each other, and every new comer was immediately surrounded by rogues, pickpockets, plausible blacklegs, and, in fact, by every disreputable scamp in the place—and these were not a few—and he needed to be both wary and sharp who would hold his own amongst them. There were twenty men more expert at forging "Uncle Sam's" greenbacks with a common black lead pencil, and I know many cases in which they passed them off by moonlight to unsuspecting persons. No. 7 was on the first floor, No. 5 was right above it, and No. 2 was right above that again. Now, I soon found out that there were a number of sharpers in No. 7, who had accomplices in the upper rooms, and that it was quite a common practice

for a cord to be let down into No. 7 in the dead of the night, and stolen articles tied to it and passed up out of reach. Stolen goods from the top rooms were in like manner let down from above, and no doubt the rascals shared the plunder when an opportunity offered. A great deal of trafficking went on in our room, and we were sometimes allowed to pass out at the garden-gate referred to, and buy eatables from the prison commissary. We had to pay a dollar for a loaf that might weigh from four to six ounces, and I have no doubt that the commissary made a very comfortable income out of his sales to the prisoners. As I have mentioned, I had a good many greenbacks in my shirt, many more than my rascally companions suspected, for I am confident they would have murdered and robbed me without hesitation had they known of my little store; and I had accordingly to use my money with great caution, nor do I think that any of the sharpers believed I had more than a few dollars. One day I availed myself of an opportunity that offered to exchange a Federal ten-dollar greenback, and having received 100 dollars in Confederate money for it, I stuffed the rebel scrip into the leg of my boot, not considering it of sufficient value to have it sewed up beside the rest. I lay down to rest myself a little, but unfortunately I fell asleep; and when I awoke I found that my boot had been cut down to the toe, and the money abstracted. I made no noise about the matter, nor instituted a single inquiry, for I was pretty certain that the guilty rascal would be made up to a little plot among a few fellow prisoners to make revenge on some one. The next evening I made them believe that I was hiding money in a stealthy way in my other boot, and having taken up my quarters for the night, I pretended to be fast asleep. In a short time I felt a gentle hand cautiously trying to pull the boot off; but I did not give him time to use the former method of ripping it up, but left the impression of the heel in such a decided mark on his face that I had not the slightest difficulty in identifying him when daylight came. He was the very person I had suspected, and I at once accused him of having robbed me. He denied the charge, and drew a knife, which I wrenched out of his grasp, by catching him by the throat and tumbling him on his back at my feet. His accomplices then interfered, and made a rush at me, but for this I was prepared, for my friends crowded round, and the whole scene ensued. In the meantime I never let go my hold of the thief till I had searched him, and to my surprise found the money I had lost the previous night. The battle ended in two or three getting themselves severely cut with knives; one had his nose nearly bitten off, a second had a deep gash in his throat, and the blackleg, who had been the cause of it all, had his head sorely damaged, and three or four of his ribs broken. The wounded were sent off to the hospital when the doctor came round at ten o'clock. The captain of the Castle, who arrived about the same time with a guard of soldiers, made inquiry into the state of affairs, and I told him the whole circumstances, and explained all the rascality that I had observed in the place since I became an inmate. The captain gave me credit for what we had done, and said, "When you get out of these thieves attempting to rob you, if you have got a knife, and can use it, cut their throats, if you like, from ear to ear."

I had now been six days in this dismal place, and it seemed as long as six weeks. Those who had no money to purchase necessities from the commissary were in a miserable, half-starved condition, as all that we were allowed by the prison regulations was a piece of bread twice a day, about four ounces in weight, made of corn meal, and as solid and tasteless as a lump of clay. I saw numbers who, when they lay down on the floor to rest themselves, were so weak through hunger that they had to be assisted to their feet when they wanted to get up again. Many of them were reduced to mere shadows, with the worst emaciated features that can be conceived. We were allowed to purchase the Richmond newspapers in the morning, and I remember being rather startled one day, reading a proposition by "an eminent citizen" in the *Richmond Dispatch*. The writer described the condition of the Richmond prisons, especially Castle Thunder, and concluded by asking, "Why keep so many Yankee prisoners, feeding them up, while we ourselves are starving? Send them down to Lynchburg, or some island on the St. James's River, where they will be thinned out according to the laws of nature." He stated the extreme scarcity in the markets at that time, and the enormous prices that were paid for provisions, a few of which I will quote. A barrel of flour, 100 dollars; a pound of dried beef, 5 dollars; butter, 6 dollars a pound; sugar, 4 dollars; and coffee and tea could not be got at 25 dollars. As I afterwards learned, substitutes for these latter beverages were much used, such as chicory, and what was made of rice and coffee first burnt in the ground, and was not altogether unpalatable. It was the month of November, and the weather set in very chilly and cold, and though we had a stove in our room we could get no firewood for it. One day I went to procure some by tearing down a lot of boards that had been nailed up to strengthen a partition at the end of the room, and was very much surprised, in pulling off one at the bottom, to find a square hole through the partition. I crawled through the hole on a voyage of discovery, and found myself in an apartment about 18 feet by 40; but as it was quite dark I procured a light, and was lucky enough to find a large number of blocks of hard wood that had been used at one time for pressing tobacco. The blocks fitted the stove, so I passed a few through the hole, and we soon had a roaring fire. I then made a minute examination of the apartment, and found that there was a fireplace cut deep in the wall, and the idea immediately dawned upon me that we might work a passage or tunnel out of the building altogether without being suspected, commencing our operations from the fireplace. I went back into No. 7, and selecting a few on whom I could depend I explained the plan I had formed, and said that I was sure a tunnel 20 or 22 feet in length would take us outside of the wall round Castle Thunder. They at once agreed to make the attempt, and without a moment's delay we went to work. One crept in at the hole that I had discovered, the board was nailed up over it, and after a shift of two hours he returned and another took his place. Altogether there were about 30 out of the 200 who took turn and turn about at the tunnel, and the work was never allowed to slacken. It was so quickly done, too, that I do not believe more than a hundred persons in the place had the slightest suspicion of what was going on. The mine was completed on Friday night, nine days after we had commenced operations, and it will readily be believed that we were in high spirits that evening, though our prospect of escaping the vigilance of the Richmond authorities after we did get out seemed none of the brightest. A great number made their escape in the early part of the night, but I waited till four o'clock on Saturday morn-

ing, and then crawled through the mine, jumped over two or three fences, and one high wall, trying to find a way into the street from the back. I was beginning to think that I should never get on to the streets before daylight, when I found that what I took for a back portion of the castle, all lighted up, was in reality a large hotel, and the only feasible way I saw was to jump on to the verandah, open the back door, walk through the hall, and pass out of the front into the street. I had no sooner formed my plan than I executed it, and was fortunate enough to meet with no opposition. In a few seconds I was in the main street, and I found I had found a good retired spot where I could sit down and thank God for my happy escape from Castle Thunder.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND LORD ELGIN.

(From the Spectator, July 23.)

"After all," said Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, to Lord Elgin, guest and Viceroy Elect, "I think I have done something since I saw you in London. Russia defeated, Italy revived, Paris rebuilt, the Revolution bridled, something has been accomplished. 'Your Majesty,' said the polite Scotchman, 'we tell the story as it was told to us, the scene was a dinner at St. Cloud, 'forgets the greatest of your achievements.' 'Eh! what is that,—the greatest?' 'Your Majesty has made of the English a military nation.' There is no cautious Scot, with a pedigree derived from the Bruce, and the possibility of a sneer always visible under his geniality, to tell Herr von Bismark a truth so polite and so unpleasant, but he, if he heard the story, might take its lesson to heart. He also has done great things; Russia conciliated and Denmark dismembered, the Coburgs banished and Austria bound to his chariot wheels, he also might boast with some show of reason in his pride, but that his very successes are accomplishing the result which all others he most fears, forcing on the *rapportement* between England and France, which the reactionary powers stand in awe and permanent dread. What is the use of the subjection of Austria, what the value even of a renewed Holy Alliance, if France and England, the great military and the great naval power of the world, with their irresistible strength and their irrepressible ideas, their revolutionary belief in principles and their shameful concessions to the subversive theory that God made the world for people other than the descendants of Henry the Fowler, are to come together again? Herr von Bismark groans in spirit, contemplates, it is said, publishing all the private correspondence about the Napoleonic Congress, and so reviving a jealousy which never altogether sleeps, a personal pride which, after all its successes, remains still jealously sensitive. The danger is a real one to Herr von Bismark, for the wisest Sovereign in Europe is talking at Vichy to the most powerful, and the cardinal dogma of Leopold of Belgium is that unit between England and France is the *sine qua non* of progress throughout the world. The nations fortunately have never been apart,—an English theatre rings every night with applause, as Toole suggests that 'if the English and French clocks are to remain first-rate timepieces they must strike together,'—and the two Governments are recovering a momentary fit of chagrin. Earl Russell took an opportunity during the late faction fight of paying high compliments to the Emperor, and now the demi-official press of Paris has orders to praise to the skies the 'civilizing power' of the Anglo-French alliance. Napoleon probably cares little about Earl Russell's praises, and Englishmen certainly care nothing for leaders written to order, but great men must apologize, like little persons, and these forms do quite as well as more elaborate courtesies. The article in the *Opinion* under date of Saturday does better, for it assigns a distinct reason for the new attitude of France other than her desire to extend her frontier eastward, and one which suspicious Englishmen who believe that the benefit of the French alliance is all on the English side, will do well to ponder. France, says the mouthpiece of Prince Napoleon, is isolated in Europe, and therefore powerless. By her institutions, her manners, her principles, and he might add her dynasty, she 'is an incarnate Revolution,' she never can inspire with confidence the Powers whose very existence is menaced by the 'radiance' (rather the power of shooting rays, the speciality of France), of her internal life. Russia dreads her for Poland, Austria for Venice, Prussia for the Rhineland, and these fears are in their very nature incurable. It is all true, and though the latter reason is drawn from the selfishness of France, it is an ally only in England, but turns out the argument to be a mere talk about alliance with the secondary Powers, his real object and aim, like that of all the papers of France which recognise the situation, is England. Her alliance only can save France from her permanent dread, a league of the old despots to their vast military force to repress, perhaps to restrain, the only great Power which not only shelters Liberal ideas,—for England and America also do that,—but will also at favourable conjunctures propagate them by the sword. Facing Italy is one thing, facing Italy with the Zouaves to ride over first is quite another, and though the documents recently published in the *Morning Post* may be all inventions—they are very old inventions some of them—the Holy Alliance may be at any moment a fact, and the Holy Alliance means resistance active or passive at all points and in every way to France and her ideas.

On the whole, and with reservations, it is the desire and the interest of Great Britain that those ideas should advance. It is the desire, because though this country likes neither Caesarism nor French annexations, neither the banishment of politicians to Cayenne nor abhorrence of poplincians to Cayenne nor abhorrence of poplincians to Cayenne, it does most heartily approve the external scheme upon which these acts are blotches. Nothing in politics for the last forty years ever gave such genuine or such lasting pleasure to Englishmen as the result of the campaign of 1856—the reinvigoration of Italy; nothing would gratify her more keenly than the completion of that great work by the evacuation of Rome. However deeply penetrated with Mr. Cobden's ideas,—and the wound is after all only skin deep, and will disappear with the next strong Government,—she prefers, if there must be movement on the Continent, that it should be movement in the French rather than the Russian or the German direction; better Italy democratic than Austria, Germany temporarily under a Caesar than Germany permanently under two despots and thirty despotisms. The French system, bad as it may be, at least leaves to nations like Poland a future, at least gives to countries like Italy the possibility of material civilisation. The Holy Alliance simply kills Poland, places Venice under a German yoke, which reduces the life of the province to mere existence, and would give up Romagna to a priest who will not sanction gas as a 'modern'

invention, and prohibits the study of anatomy as 'pleading to 'impropriety.' While there is life there must be movement, and better movement towards the ideal of Bonapartism than towards the ideal of the Hohenzollerns, towards a civilisation overcivilized, than towards a civilisation in a military shroud; the choice may lie only between a prison and a grave, but in the latter even the power of revolt has ended. It is the interest of England because she, like France, suffers at this moment from isolation. Her only possible alliance while America is unreasonable and Germany under a monomania with France, and while the two Powers which with many differences still wish well to humanity keep apart, the Powers which wish ill, which, for example, do not scruple to depopulate when depopulation is easier than conciliation, work their will with impunity. So long as the two are separated the remonstrance of each is powerless, and as England, despite Mr. Cobden, cannot see free nations perish in silently selfish contentment, England must always be in the position of the judge who decrees justice in orders at which ruffians only laugh. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, this will end in efforts made regardless of consequences—suppose Herr von Bismark took a Danish envoy out of an English ship, and the hence which the two Powers united can always secure would be broken by a furious, expensive, and probably universal war, waged solely because while the East was united by the strong bond of a common crime, the West could not agree that crime should have limits if not retribution. Within the last two years mere concert, without artillery, would, we firmly believe, have secured to Poland an independent life, have released Venice, and have prevented absolutely the invasion of any Danish territory inhabited by Danes. Those objects are all good, are all earnestly desired by the people of this country, and have all been lost, without any diminution of the national burdens, any increase of the national dignity, any addition to the national alliances, or any satisfaction whatever to the national conscience. And they have been lost because it has suited Napoleon to indulge his temper in protesting against an over plain-speak rebuff, and because it suits Lord Palmerston to believe that English interests require us to defend aggressive Germany from the possible conquest by aggressive France of a snippet of territory on the Rhine. The public is robbed in open day because each policeman thinks that if he interferes his rival may come out of the struggle with a cleaner uniform. It is time all this should end, time that France should be able to raise a nationality without fear of England assailing her in flank, time that England should be able to keep her promises without dread of finding herself alone against all the soldiery of the Continent. It is easy to say that renewed alliance is impossible, that France asks too much and England is too unwilling to spend, but it is easier still to find the reply in the fact that the alliance has been already a reality. From 1852 to 1862, for ten long years of progress, the two Powers, under the Governments which still rule them, stood together, and while Germany owes her new vigour to their first action, Italy owes her life to their second. England was just as jealous in 1859 as she is at this moment, and the Government yielded to aristocratic opinion the Austrian would still be in Lombardy, the Bourbon in Naples, and France without the ally who commits her despite herself to the cause of the people against the ancient despots. Under the shadow of that alliance despotism for ten years slowly withered away, and while the Czar with his prestige broken in the Crimea, acknowledged the need of renovation by emancipating the serfs, the Kaiser granted and worked a constitution which might have made his people masters at least of their own purses, and Prussia nearly nearly carried reforms which would have changed Prussians from soldiers into freemen. The very first cloud on that friendship revived the dying old upstart tree, and a discord of only eight months has sufficed to extinguish one nationality, to dismember one free state, and to paralyse constitutional freedom among seventy millions of men. The consequences of another year of disunion may be irremediable, and the world would have reason to pray that the councils of the Nestor of Europe may find acceptance at Balmoral or Broadlands, as well as in the little house at Vichy.

A NAVAL INSTRUCTOR'S EXPERIENCES.

(From the U. S. Gazette, July 9.)

"It is pleasant to look back at old times, even though those times might not have been very agreeable. One feels in after years as a kind of independent spectator of the doings and feelings of one's former self, and is able to laugh with great gusto at scenes which were anything but laughable when they occurred. I had always been a lover and ardent admirer of the old service from the time I was a boy, and I can remember my father had been an officer in the navy, and my young days had been spent in the vicinity of one of the great seaports. Losing by death what little interest I had to have enabled me to enter the Navy in the executive line, I still clung to the hope of one day belonging to it in some guise or other, when I was told of the new class of officers which had been established under the title of 'Naval Instructors,' who were to be on a footing with the surgeons, purser, &c., and at once jumped at the bait. In a very short time I received an appointment to the *Excellent*, and with very little delay found myself on board, with a single introduction to the commandant. It must be premised that I was intensely green, having led a sort of monastic life up to that time, and proportionately nervous in all dealings with the world at large; so if I say I was in somewhat of a 'funk' as I went up the side I shall not be believed. I had never been on board a man-of-war before; and, moreover, was troubled with that horrible feeling that makes a man fancy he is being noticed and criticised by every one he meets or sees. Passing in through the entering port, I found myself almost in darkness, and was winking and blinking in the hope of seeing somebody who might serve me as a guide, when I became aware of a man who was walking to and fro, and on inquiring for Captain Daah, was referred to the First Lieutenant, whom I now perceived standing at some little distance. He was an awful-looking personage to me, as he stood with a glass under his arm, his legs apart, and a solemn frown on his countenance. Telling him my business, I asked where I could find the Commandant, and received a sharp, gruff reply, 'In the wardroom.' 'Not liking the tone of the gentleman, I turned to the nearest ladder, with a view of getting out of his sight as soon as might be, and seeking some more charitable individual to pilot me to the wardroom, the whereabouts of which I was at that time ignorant. As I was ascending the ladder to the main deck, my good friend called out angrily, 'Didn't I tell you, Captain Daah was in the wardroom?' 'Yes, you did,' I replied, 'but you did not tell me where the wardroom was.' 'There,' was the reply, and he pointed 'myself' (as James says) with his glass into a space that, to my eyes, was as black as Erebus. 'The door's on the port side, sir,' said a young gentleman passing who took compassion on my ignorance. In haste to get away from the great man, who I fancied was eyeing me with indignation at my ignorance, I went over to the port side, and, as I was about to enter the door, I was stopped by a man who, I thought, was a sailor, and who, I must have exceeded in cost; the mercantile accuracy of the figured statement, with its right lines and thirteen figures, and the express addition of what is usually left to be understood, that the bequest was paid, formed altogether an example of simple quaintness, which it was a pity to allow to pass into complete oblivion.—*Athenaeum*.

"I apologised vehemently to a stout gentleman, the good doctor, and, explaining the nature of the accident, was immediately forgiven, and on inquiring for Captain Daah was told that he was not in the wardroom, but that my best chance of finding him would be to wait in one place on the main deck for a few minutes, when he would be sure to turn up. 'Back I went to the entering port. Happily my first acquaintance was gone. It was a bitter cold November day, and the sleet and wind came whistling through the port. I waited for about twenty minutes, when I heard a voice at the top of the main-deck ladder which I took to be reassurance me. It was a nasty, grating, cantankerous voice, and it was engaged in raving somebody. 'That's Captain Daah, sir,' said the sentry. 'I was about to rush up the ladder, when the awe-inspiring sight of the Captain's legs descending warned me to desist. 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of the wounding, and that Wilson had been out by falling only to

taken into custody, and education as a hardship. To be discharged by sergeant Toomy with pistol at George Vidler, threatened shoot him. He produced a pair of pistols, which were pointed at the appearance of a half-past when he received it from Vidler. Riding at Five Dock, dropped that he and seven of his had been shot, who soon afterwards called that he had already had more served him, and understood away so far from going away, saying, "I must have it," heard "be cock of cooking the meat might happen, he was he left it; he had the piece went on by the all, the piece could be, and he be that it went however, "I vowed him from to shoot him, until at length a and the piece was secured. That he went to, which at two from that time; if anything of recollection of. Committed

guilty of riotous conduct, was forty-eight hours; and a fifteen-day, was ordered to pay a thirty-eight hours imprisonment for was thirty-nine cents, for of were withdrawn, and one survey was fined 10, and one of Fitzgall was fined 5s., and

ten defendants were fined 10
of the Municipal by-law
for playing for hire. Six others
members of the Modern Mande-
sorens were fined 10s. each for
average Act.

WINGS THIS DAY.

THE COURT.
The Primary Judge, after Chann
was: Raiting v. Blanchard as
Barion v. Andersen, hearing.
r. Campbell, special examination,
and plaintiff's costs; Duane v.
r. Foreman, defendant's costs on
Lucas, certificates; re M'Groug,

STRICT COURT.
Ex parte,
Moloney,
et al Moloney,
Robert v. Drault.

D MONEY ARTICLE.

THURSDAY EVENING'S Customs' duties paid to-day is

...	...	\$169	8	2
...	2	0
...	...	\$61	17	0
...	...	76	5	0
(wood)	...	35	6	0
bottle)...	...	35	11	2
...	...	149	5	0
...	...	21	3	0
...	...	54	0	0
...	...	90	0	0
...	...	23	17	6
...	...	10	5	0
...	...	13	0	0
...	...	\$254	4	6

At a complaint has been
 of the Australian Joint
 deposited for coinage is
 in it in cheques on the bank
 at account is kept.
 The payment in this way is,
 on gold still current has
 since this is the case, the
 tance of £20,000, the

to amount to £22.
 apping to the East, where
 hitherto pushed into
 capacity of bullion than
 is important that the coin
 is of full weight, and that
 the Mint, therefore, is most
 every bank is bound to
 coin of standard weight,
 tiness of this obligation
 g as the coin will pass
 bank to demand it of
 rb the mutual settling

orted to-day that all the
 , in the estate of Messrs.
 had been bought by Mr.
 uly a member of the firm
 Thompson, of this city.

the auctioneers held to-day wool and sheepskins, at the wool market continues to have an upward tendency. comprised 203 bales, all comprised of 29 bales, were the attendance of buyers saw parcels of the new clip grease, the competition

readily taken at extreme
was the result of the
Co. catalogued 121 bales
1 but 29. The principal
grease, new clip, HP
4, 94 d.; 6 bales ditto, M,
5 bales ditto, ER over S,
H cross J, 104; 11
183 d. Prices ruled as
follows: to 113 d., 183 d.
104 d. to 183 d.; fleece, 54 d.
104 d. to 131 d. About 8000
noted at from 41 d. to 94 d.

Irwin sold to-day by auc-
The principal lots were—
1, 184 d.; 7 bales ditto, E.
Eyebrow over JT con-
ruled thus: Fleece, 174 d.
104 d.; ditto, N. Z., 174 d.

of at from 84d. to
sold to-day 35 bales of
C, marked A, brought
CCM, 11d. The other
—Fleece, 174d.; grease,
164d.; scoured, 202d.
s were also sold at 64d.
3 bags of New Orleans
per lb.
sold to-day by auction,
181d. per lb.; and a lot
per lb.
to-day a large sale by
The catalogue comprised
grothead, cavendish, and
all of which were sold at
lows:—Aromatic, pounds
11d. to 2s. 6d. per lb.
and half-pounds, is. 1d.
grothead, is. 1d. to 2s. 2d.
n will offer at auction,
several shipments of teas, ex
Procymania, and Balder;
ceries, &c.

was mere skin and bone, ex-
 "how thin you are!" upon which
 "I am, so ill!" The
 "in alarm; and on arriving

CHLOROFORM AND ITS USES.

(From the North British Agricultural Society.)
The Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society have for some time past been making a series of experiments and observations on chloroform, and although their report, just published, has reference mainly to the human subject, many of the conclusions are so applicable to the lower animals that we hesitate not to make from it the subjoined extracts.

We may premise, that in veterinary practice the use of chloroform is as yet comparatively limited. It is occasionally given to horses to procure insensibility during castration, ringing, and other painful operations; but should probably not be used without warning the owner of the probable risk attending its administration, and having at hand an ample supply of the drug in case of accident. In the lower animals, particularly in the horse, the administration of chloroform is performed so easily, and with so little apparent pain, that the administration of chloroform in the great majority of cases is quite unnecessary. In the horse, however, occasionally useful in bitches, when the pups have to be reduced in size before they can be extracted. A few cases also occur in cows and ewes where the neck of the uterus is so firmly closed that the matured fetus cannot be extracted. The mother strains violently, preparations for parturition appear to be otherwise complete, but the neck of the uterus continues closed, and sometimes remains so for hours, in spite of medicines and every artificial aid. Under its influence the rigid muscles gradually relax, and delivery is safely accomplished usually within an hour after the administration of the anesthetic. The inhalation of chloroform has been highly recommended in cases of tetanus, but the spasms are relaxed only so long as the anesthetic continues, and return with all their wonted severity whenever it ceases, whilst the benefit derived from the temporary relief is usually more than counterbalanced by the disturbed and excited state into which the animal is apt to be thrown during the administration of the chloroform. In diseases accompanied by violent and long-continued pain, as in inflammation of the bowels and acute rheumatism, as also in the spasms of colic, and in the convulsions of the mare, a slight degree of anesthesia is of service in all animals in blunting pain, and allowing time for the beneficial operation either of medicines or of the conservative power of nature. Chloroform may either be inhaled or given in solution by the rectum or rectum. In the form of clays it is probably entitled to more extended use as a means of relieving the pain of serious internal diseases. Its inhalation three or four times a day in a quiet state, and in a warm room, with a little ether, has, however, little if any curative influence in cases of pleuro-pneumonia. It has a marked effect in arresting epileptic fits in dogs, and is of service in all animals as an antispasmodic, in cases of colic and asthma, and in the convulsions of the mare, in a state of distention, and in doses insufficient to produce any anesthetic effect. Rubbed into the skin, it is a convenient and cleanly method of removing lice and fleas.

The phenomena induced by the inhalation of chloroform occur in the same sequence in animals as in men, and where the same percentage of chloroform is required the results produced are nearly uniform. According to the Medical Society's report, the first effect of the force of the heart's action; but this effect is slight and transient, for when complete anesthesia is produced the heart's action ceases to be less than its natural force. The force of the heart's action, when admitted freely into the lungs, destroys animal life by arresting the action of the heart; whilst by moderate doses the heart's action is much weakened for some time before it returns to its natural force, generally, but not invariably, ceasing before the action of the heart, death being due both to the failure of the heart's action and to that of the respiratory function. The danger attending the use of chloroform increases with the degree of anesthesia, and the apparent irregularities in the action of the anesthetic mainly depending on the varying strength of the vapour employed, on the quality of the chloroform, and on the condition of the patient. In order that it may be administered with comparative safety, it is necessary that the proportion of vapour should not exceed 35 per cent., that its effects should be carefully watched, and the inhalation suspended when the required anesthetic effect is obtained.

In many respects the action of ether is similar to that of dilute chloroform. At first its vapour increases the force of the heart's action—an effect which both greater and longer duration than that observed with chloroform. The effect is followed by a depression of the force of the heart's action, but at the same degree of insensibility ether does not depress the action of the heart to the same extent as chloroform. Eventually, however, the effect of ether is followed by a depression of the force of the heart's action, rendering it necessary to exercise great caution in its administration, and suggest the expediency of searching for other less objectionable anesthetics. Biber is slow and uncertain in its action, though it is capable of procuring the required insensibility, and is dangerous in its operation than chloroform. On the whole, however, the committee concur in the general opinion which in this country has led to the disuse of ether as an inconvenient anesthetic.

A mixture of ether and chloroform is as effective as pure chloroform, and a safer agent when deep and prolonged anesthesia is to be induced; though slow in its action, it is sufficiently rapid in its operation to be convenient for general use. A mixture composed of three parts of ether and one part of chloroform, and one part of alcohol (by measure), is to be preferred on account of the uniform blending of the ether and chloroform when combined with alcohol, and the equally uniform blending of the ether and chloroform, and the committee suggest that it should be more extensively tried than it has hitherto been in this country.

The sudden administration by the mouth of concentrated chloroform vapour produces a more rapid effect than the inhalation of dilute vapour; after which the animal has inspired, the phenomena of asphyxia are for a time associated with those of chloroform poisoning, and death is the result. The effect is followed by a depression of the force of the heart's action, and the cases are only exceptional in which the left side is empty. The rule, however, is alike in both; that the cavities of the right side contain more blood than those of the left.

Resuscitation after the cessation of the respiratory life after poisoning with anesthetics is by artificial respiration. By this means resuscitation may generally be accomplished after natural respiration has ceased, provided the patient is not dead, and may sometimes be effected even after the cessation of the heart's action; but this result is exceptional. Galvanism resuscitates within the same limits as artificial respiration; it is, however, far less to be relied on than artificial respiration in such cases. With either remedy it is found that animals quickly rendered insensible by a strong dose, are more easily recovered than those which have been gradually narcotized even by a small per centage of the anesthetic.

Rules relating to the administration of chloroform.—The anesthetic should on no account be given carelessly, or by the inexperienced; and when complete insensibility is desired, the attention of its administration should be exclusively confined to the duty which has undertaken.

Under no circumstances is it desirable for a person to give chloroform to himself.

It is not advisable to give an anesthetic after a long fast, or soon after a meal; the best time is when the administration being three or four hours after food has been taken.

If the patient is much depressed, there is no objection to his taking a small quantity of brandy, wine, or stout before the anesthetic is administered. The provision for the free admission of air during the patient's narcosis is absolutely necessary.

The recumbent position of the patient is preferable; the prone position is inconvenient to the administrator, or, but cannot be so open, and is liable to exert or sitting posture there is danger from syncope. Sudden elevation or turning of the body should be avoided.

An apparatus is not essential to safety if due care be taken in giving the chloroform. Free admixture of air with the anaesthetic is of the first importance, and, guaranteeing this, any apparatus may be employed. If, however, a small bellows, or a napkin is used, it should be folded so as to open, and held one inch or one and a half from the face.

The anesthetic should invariably be given slowly. Sudden increase of the strength of the anesthetic is most dangerous; 35 per cent. is the average amount,

and 45 per cent. with 95 of atmospheric air is the maximum of the anesthetic which can be required. Given cautiously at first, the quantity within this limit should be slowly increased, according to the necessities of the case, the administrator being guided more by its effect on the patient than by the amount exhibited.

The administrator should watch the respiration of his patient, and should keep one hand free for careful observation of the pulse. The patient who appears likely to vomit whilst beginning to inhale the anesthetic should be at once brought fully under its influence, and the tendency to sickness that then arises should be resisted. The occurrence during the administration of an anesthetic of sudden pallor, or of sudden lividity of the patient's countenance, or sudden failure or flickering of the pulse, or feeble or shallow respirations, indicate danger, and necessitate the immediate withdrawal of the anesthetic until such symptoms have disappeared. On the occurrence of these symptoms, and especially if they should become so urgent as to threaten death from failure of respiration, of heart-action, or of both together, the following rules of treatment are to be observed.—Allow free access of fresh air; pull forward the tongue, and clear the mouth and fauces; keep or place the patient recumbent; dash cold water on the face, and on the pulse and the respiratory movements by rhythmic compression of the thorax. In the more threatening cases artificial respiration must be commenced instantly; and the respiration applied equally in all cases, whether the respiration have failed alone, or the pulse and respiration together. Galvanism may be used in addition to artificial respiration, but the artificial respiration is on no account to be delayed or suspended in order that galvanism may be given.

Few if any persons are unresponsive of the influence of chloroform, from two to ten minutes being required to induce anesthesia. The time, however, varies with age, temperament, and habits.

The mixture of chloroform, ether, and alcohol should be given in the same way as chloroform alone; care being taken, when lint or a handkerchief is used, to prevent the too free escape of the vapour.

Use of Chloroform in Surgical Operations.—With heart-disease the anesthetic may be given in any case which requires an operation, although when there is evidence of a fatty, weak, or dilated heart, great caution is demanded. Valvular disease is of less importance.

In phthisis, when an operation is unavoidable, the anesthetic may be given with impunity.

For all operations upon the jaws and teeth, the lips, cheeks, and tongue, the anesthetic may be inhaled with ordinary safety. By care and good management the patient may be kept under its influence to the completion of the operation. In these cases, blood, as it escapes, if not voided by the mouth, passes into the pharynx, and by its small quantity finds its way through the larynx, it is readily expelled by coughing. Its operations upon the soft palate, fauces, pharynx, and posterior nares, if sudden or severe hemorrhage is likely to occur, it is not advisable to induce deep insensibility.

In cases requiring laryngotomy and tracheotomy the anesthetic may be employed with safety and advantage.

Operations upon the eye, involving the contents of the globe, the use of an anesthetic is open to objection, on account of the drainage which the eye may sustain from muscular straining or vomiting. If employed, profound insensibility should be induced. In operations on the eye, a wound in the sclerotic of the axis, the anesthetic acts most beneficially. For most operations about the anus profound anesthesia is positively demanded.

In the condition of shock, or of great depression, as after hemorrhage, or after a long and exhausting anesthetic diminishes the risk of an operation.

In all cases, other than those specially referred to, it is sufficient to state, so far as a mere surgical operation is concerned, that an anesthetic may invariably be administered.

The continuous vomiting occasionally induced by following upon the inhalation of anesthetic, may be induced by consequent exhaustion, as well as by mechanical disturbing the action of the stomach. In this reservation, they do not appear to interfere with the recovery of patients from surgical operations.

Statistics.—The results of 2586 surgical operations performed by the use of chloroform, and since the introduction of anesthetic, collected from all authentic available sources, prove that anesthetics have in no degree increased the rate of mortality.

RECEIPT OF THE NEVA.—A St. Petersburg letter of the 19th inst. contains the following:—The grand ceremony of blessing the Neva took place yesterday with all the accustomed pomp. The site was of a twofold character—religious and military.

The weather was extremely propitious; for, although the sun was hardly visible, the air was dry and light, the sun shining out cheerfully. Exactly opposite the Winter Palace, a slight knoll had been erected; and, about eleven o'clock, the Emperor Alexander, attended by the princes of the Imperial family, and the great officers of the Crown, went to the head of an imposing procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries, from the palace to the temporary building just mentioned, where the benediction of the Church was to be given to the river.

After the benediction had been given through, His Majesty returned to the front of the palace, and, laying aside his character as head of the Church, assumed that of chief of the army, and proceeded to pass a body of 20,000 men, the Emperor, mounted on a white horse, placed himself in front of the palace, attended by a brilliant staff. The troops consisted partly of the Imperial guard and in part of a number of regiments lately returned from Poland.

The crowd of spectators was immense, and the cheering was almost continual. The Emperor was not present, the weather being probably considered too severe, but His Majesty has recovered his health wonderfully, and looks better at present than he has done for some years. Her excursion to the Crimea has proved of the greatest benefit to her.

DENMARK AND PRUSSIA.—It is almost impossible to follow the changes through the Danish question in from day to day passing. No sooner does Prince John of Glücksburg leave Copenhagen on a special mission to the Court of Prussia than the Cabinet is turned out, and is succeeded by one formed out of the more reactionary elements of Denmark, and produce. There is now little doubt that Prince John proposed to King William the annexation of Holstein and the lower part of Schleswig to Prussia. There can be no question that this proposal is most palatable to Prussia, and the King of Denmark would only be refused by the King from those feelings of personal friendship towards the Duke of Augustenburg which have more than once been a source of trouble to the Danish Government.

The same influences which compelled the King to send his armies across the Elbe, against his own judgment and the express vote of his Chambers, may yet compel him to the administration of Prussia. The self-love of the Prussian aristocracy and the military element of which Prince Frederick Charles is the representative, and which has from the first scorned the idea of depending blood and treasure for no other purpose than to support a dukedom of political tendencies opposed to their own upon a throne which they have won. This party will be satisfied with nothing short of the annexation of the Duchy, or part of it, at all events, to the kingdom of Prussia. Meanwhile it is possible that the Ministry at Copenhagen will propose to enter the German Confederation, with the two Duchies, one and indivisible, under conditions more favourable to Denmark than they yet offered. What answer Germany will make to this proposal remains to be seen. Practically, the Emperor Napoleon cannot the situation, and while it is not likely that he will consent to the first proposal, he will certainly not Prussia, there is every reason to suppose that he will decidedly reject the latter. The chances are, therefore, that the solution does not lie in either the one proposal or the other, and that before many days are over the whole vexed question will have entered a new phase. What that phase will be we must leave to the conjecture of our readers. This much we may venture to say, that although we have scrambled out of the extra danger of the extra danger, it will require more dexterity on the part of those who conduct our foreign affairs than they have hitherto evinced to prevent our tumbling back again into the slough.

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GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN LINES.

TIME TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER. DOWN TRAINS.																			
STATIONS.	DAILY TRAINS.	SUNDAY TRAINS.				STATIONS.	DAILY TRAINS.												
		1.	2.	3.	4.		5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.				
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
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1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.
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FOR SALE, DISMOUNTING VIEWS APPARATUS.
With 50 new views, complete also a second-hand ditto;
will be sold at cost price. G. GARDNER, Queensland
Road, Brisbane.

POTATOES—the best in England, from 25 to 35 per
ton. L. MORAN, Victoria Wharf.

WHEAT—cheap—superior quality, suitable for pigs
or poultry. J. A. McANULTY, 425, George-street, near
Royal Hotel.

CREAM CHOCOLATE—WRIGHT and SMITH,
425, George-street, near Royal Hotel.

CAMDEN PARK Fresh Boiled BUTTER, always on
hand, and to be obtained only from the undersigned,
FRANK and HARGREAVES (late Smith, Potts, and Co.),
255 and 261, George-street.

WHEAT—7000 Bushels, just received at Overhill,
and for sale by the undersigned. Samples may
be seen at the office. WILKINSON, SMITH, and
CO., 30, Hunter-street.

PRIMA NEW IRISH PORK, now landing, in 100 and
300 lb. barrels. H. S. BIRD, Circular Quay.

IRISH MESS PORK, for family use, 100 lb. hogs,
now landing. H. S. BIRD, Circular Quay.

LIVERPOOL SALT, now landing, in three-bushel
bags, in 1-cwt. bags.

HENRY BELL, Pitt-street.

BROWN'S RIVER POTATOES—a new variety, small,
superior quality, on sale by WILLIS,
BERRY and CO.

400,000 FIRST Choice Flooring, Oregon, and
clear pine. ROLFE, Circular Quay.

500,000 FIRST Choice Hardwood, Oak,
ash, and pine. ROLFE, Circular Quay.

600,000 FIRST Choice American G. mill
Flooring and Lining, shavings, and
wooden plan and hardwood, doors, and mouldings,
&c. &c. GOODLET and SMITH, Rockingham-street,
Branch yard, Parramatta-street.

600,000 FIRST Choice Hardwood, Deal, pine, cedar,
bass, shingles, &c. &c. Goodlet and Smith, Rockingham-street,
Branch yard, Parramatta-street.

WILLIAM JOLLY and CO.
Dealing in Harbour Stores, 55 Mills, Bathurst-street,
Branch yard—Railway Station.

TIMBER—For SALE, a Cargo of A. A. Co's Oak,
River, 35 Square Logs, beech, ash, suitable
for manufacturing fancy turnery, superior furniture, &c.
ANDERSON, CAMPBELL, and CO., Commercial
Wharf.

COAL—For SALE, a Cargo of A. A. Co's Oak,
River, 35 Square Logs, beech, ash, suitable
for manufacturing fancy turnery, superior furniture, &c.
ANDERSON, CAMPBELL, and CO., Commercial
Wharf.

COAL and CUT FIREWOOD. W. JOLLY and CO.,
Dealing in Harbour Stores, 55 Mills, Bathurst-street,
Branch yard—Railway Station.

FOR SALE, the remaining Stock of Trade and the
Business of the Late of the well situated
SHOP and PREMISES, on the South Head Road,
lately occupied by Mr. Gordon, draper, and ad-
justly adapted for business of millinery, dressmaking,
&c. The lease expires 15th October, 1865, and is at
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Royal Hotel, 119 King-street.

FOR SALE, five minutes' walk of the Fer-
ries railway station, a new Cottage RESIDENCE
with five rooms and kitchen; stable and pig pen, good
garden, and an acre or three acres land. Price low. Apply to
P. H. HAWORTH, auctioneer, &c., opposite the
Royal Hotel.

HOUSES and LAND FOR SALE, by Private
Contract. Mr. W. WOOLCOTT begs to
intimate that he has arranged with Mr. G. FRANKLIN
to take the management of this portion of his business, with
the view of extending it to the sale of real estate, and
for additional facilities for the disposal of properties, and
with confidence respectfully solicits and hopes to secure an
extended share of support.

HOUSE FOR SALE, on easy terms, a beautifully built
Stone House, containing ten rooms, cellars, and
large verandah, garden and paddock, situated in a healthy
position near the new road, to the Millers Point Office.

BOATY—Two Acres for SALE, fronting to Bay,
near Waterworks. 116, King-street East.

POINTE POINT—VILLA ALLOTMENTS, for SALE.
At Burwood, close to the station, allotments, from
one-half acre to one acre, on credit, and money laid
to suit. Apply at 138, Pitt-street.

ASHFIELD—For SALE, a quiet Milk COW, suit-
able for a family, and well recommended, just on
the point of calving. Apply at the Railway Station.

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are all first class, and can be had at a valuation. Offer
for the lease, with or without any of the above, will be received
at 11 o'clock, Friday, September 30th, by Mr. SHEPHERD, of the
Royal Hotel, 119 King-street.

FOR SALE, by PRIVATE CONTRACT—The
valuable business of the late of the well situated
SHOP and PREMISES, on the South Head Road,
lately occupied by Mr. Gordon, draper, and ad-
justly adapted for business of millinery, dressmaking,
&c. The lease expires 15th October, 1865, and is at
the rate of two pounds a week. The shop and premises
are recently altered and fitted by Mr. Gordon, and
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at 11 o'clock, Friday, September 30th, by Mr. SHEPHERD, of the
Royal Hotel, 119 King-street.

Upstanding Horses, from Goulburn.

MR. CHARLES MARTYN has received
instructions to sell by auction, at the Camper-
down Sale Yards, TO-MORROW, Saturday, at 3
o'clock.

A draft of upstanding broken and unbroken horses, in
good condition, suited for strong hackneys, heavy
draught, and other harness purposes.

Fat Weathers. Fat Weathers.

At Hilder's Yards, Pictou, THIS DAY, 30th instant, at
12 o'clock.

THOMAS DAWSON has received instruc-
tions from Hume, Esq., to sell by auction
as above.

500 prime wethers.

Beef, Mutton, and Pork.

THOMAS DAWSON will sell by auction, at
the Long Beach, Railway Terminus, THIS DAY,
at 12 o'clock, and TO-MORROW, Saturday, at 11 o'clock.

Best mutton and pork of the prime quality.

Spiced Beef, Beef Hams, &c.

O. B. EBSWORTH will sell by public auction,
at his Store, Circular Quay, THIS DAY,
30th September, at 11 o'clock precisely.

44 best hams
80 sides spiced beef, &c.

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

O. B. EBSWORTH will sell by public
auction, at his Store, Circular Quay, THIS
DAY, Friday, 30th September, at a quarter before 11
o'clock precisely.

24 casks tallow
220 hides

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

DURHAM and IRWIN will sell by auction,
at their Produce Store, Circular Quay,
THIS DAY, Friday, 30th September, at 12 o'clock precisely.

47 casks tallow
2000 hides

Harmon, collar, hip, and sole leather
Horns, shankbones, &c.

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

MR. JAMES GRAHAM will sell by
auction, at the Lime-street Wharf, at 3
o'clock, THIS DAY, 30th instant.

Beacon
Shackled logskins
Horns

Flie's checks, &c.

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

JAMES GRAHAM will sell by auction,
at his Produce Store, Circular Quay, THIS DAY,
Friday, at half-past 11 o'clock.

4000 tallow
Hides, necked off, &c.

Weekly Produce Sale.

H. R. REID will sell by public auction,
at his Store, Circular Quay, THIS DAY,
Friday, at 12 o'clock.

47 casks tallow
2000 hides

Harmon, collar, hip, and sole leather
Horns, shankbones, &c.

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

W. G. HENFREY will sell by auction,
at the Railway Station, at 10 o'clock, THIS
DAY.

Unpressed hay, &c.

MESSRS. W. H. MACKENZIE and CO.
will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at 10 a.m.,
at the Railway Station.

Hay, straw, &c.

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

MESSRS. W. H. MACKENZIE and CO.
will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at 11 a.m.,
at the Railway Station.

Hay, straw, &c.

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

F. P. MEARES (successor to Thomas
Dawson) will sell by auction, THIS DAY,
at 10 o'clock.

Hay, straw, and bluestone, by the truck load.

Terms cash.

Weekly Produce Sale.

F. P. MEARES (successor to Thomas
Dawson) will sell by auction, at 11 o'clock,
THIS DAY.

LADY'S' LETTER

COCKROACHES

Target 20: _____ ANSWER: _____

to the Editor of the Herald.
 in response to the favourable

Figure 6

Daily Alta California, July 27th.)
 Distinguishing feature of this summer.

Paul IX. had two elder brothers—Count Gabriel Mantua, eighty-four years, and the Count Gaston Mantua, eighty years of age. His sister, Countess Berand, is seventy-seven. The family Mantua is numerous. Four sisters, of whom one is still alive, gave the Pope a numerous crew of nephews.

Again, the ardour which leads to effective letter-writing often goes with a constitutional want of caution, so that the review of an old correspondence between two active-minded ladies may sometimes amuse us by the imprudence it betrays in the common affairs of life. Henry James,

ated; in consequence of which Mr. Goodwin and his party shut the door, and Mr. Bricknell was detained a prisoner until after about an hour he was released by some policemen. The action ended in a compromise, Mr. Goodwin making an apology, and so party withdrawing the action.

have undergone very little change during this period. The two objects which have been always kept in view in the preparation of the "Compendium" were set forth in 1838:—"1st. That the subjects treated shall be generally useful, either for present information, or future reference. 2dly. That the

agement of the Grand Opera, Paris, for the performance of the long-expected "Africaine" (for *scènes de Gounod*), which is to appear early next — *Galignani*.

Advertisements under the name of the
 advertiser's account, if located.
 Mexico, Doolin, and Marquette, in each country
 of the country can reach payee
 under or postage stamps.

Printed and Published by James H. HARRIS,
 Editor of the *Springfield Herald*, 710 N. 1st
 Street, Springfield, Mo.,
 Friday, September 20th, 1906.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page1475994>